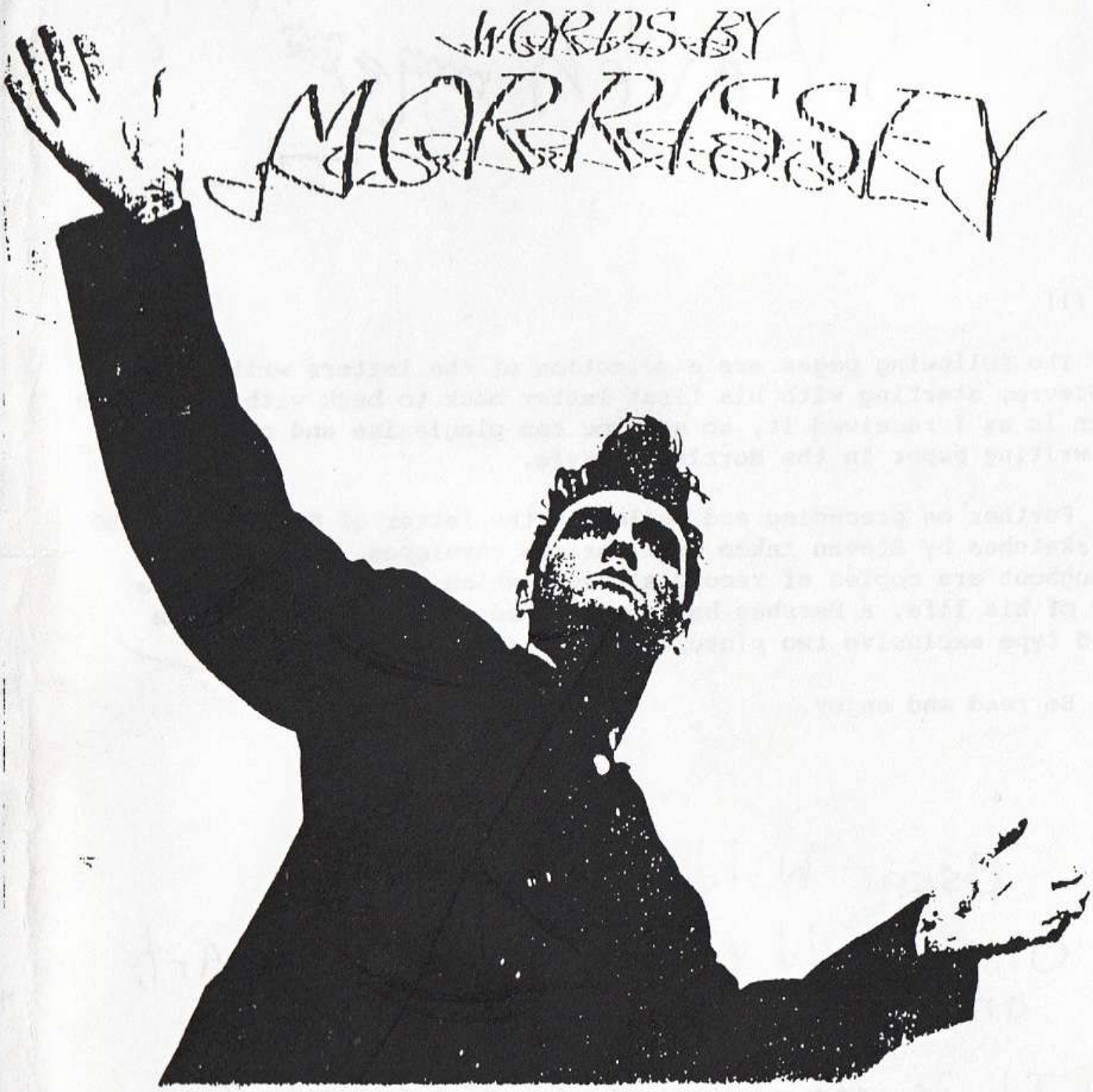


WORDS
BY
MORRISSEY

ORIGINAL
COPY

Somewhere Out There, Steven

HYA !!!

The following pages are a selection of the letters written to me by Steven, starting with his first letter back to back with James Dean which is as I received it, so now you can plagiarise and create your own writing paper in the Morrissey style.

Further on preceding and following the letter of October 22 1980 are sketches by Steven taken from various envelopes, then located throughout are copies of record sleeves, which were at that time a part of his life, a Hershey bar wrapper and in a true News Of The World type exclusive two pictures of Steven never seen before.

So read and enjoy.

Oscar Wilde Says:

'One should either be a work of Art, or wear a work of Art"

'It is only the shallow people who do not judge by appearances."

Steven Morrissey
384 - Kings Rd
STRETFORD
Manchester - M32 8GW

†

Dear Person,

So nice to know there's another soul out there, even if it is Glasgow.

Does being Scottish bother you? Manchester is a lovely little place, if you happen to be a bedridden deafmute.

I'm unhappy, hope you're unhappy too.

In poverty,

Steven

Steven Morrissey
384 - Kings Road
STRETFORD
Manchester - M32 8GW

October 13th

Dear Paganini,

I'd thank you for your letter, but Why should I? You didn't thank me for mine. And please don't call me "Steve"; it reminds me of the Bionic Man, to whom I bear little resemblance. It's almost worse than being called "Stephen" which reminds me of someone with a snotty nose. So, please call me "Steven". Am I being unreasonable? Actually, I hate the name Steven, but I won't go into THAT.

Rab is a strange name. Is it Short for Rabid?

I was astounded to see the word "paroxysm" in your epistle - it must have taken you ages to find THAT ONE, sonny.

You may not believe that I've seen Scarey Bowie 14 times, but really, that's <u>YOUR</u> problem. However, the fact remains that I have (and, as the great Dr. Phyliss Chessler M.D once said, "facts speak louder than Statistics".) I saw Him first on September 3, 1972, and last on May 3, 1976. Why is it so impossible? And you say you've <u>never</u> seen him - shame!

I was born in Odessa, Texas. I repeat, why is it so impossible? You have a lot to unlearn, sonny.

Are you really 18? My, my, how fascinating. You sound like such a

fascinating person.

No, I'm not a 'shop dummy' (such wit!), I don't work, except at my genius. I suppose you work in a factory? Your type usually do.

Your list of Bowie platters was riveting. I have more or less the same ones. Isn't life strange?

Do you really like Kate Bush? I'm not surprised. The nicest thing I could say about her is that she's unbearable. That voice! Such trash! You'll learn, Sonny.

Have you noticed that I've called you 'Sonny' three times? Does it annoy you at all? Please answer.

You ask, in your usual mesmerising manner, 'Why do we slag each other?' Well, you're such an easy touch! No, seriously (who's joking?), you

encourage it. I'm usually such a pleasant, undemanding soul really.

Are you married? Such a silly question!!! Do you live with Mom & Pops? Do you have any other cheery young 'n trendies like you at home? Tell all.

You say you listen to "some electronics". Does that mean Miss Numan? If so, it was nice knowing you....

Besides Bowie, I dribble over the New York Dolls, Jobriath, Nico, and Magazine. Have you ever heard these people?

Did you get many replies to your Fab ad? Anyone as fascinating as me? Don't answer that.

Did you see vintage Bowie on the OGWT 70's review? Almost funny if the rest of the ~~prommag~~ programme wasn't such an

obvious self-gratification slot for Mother Harris. Nice to see Alice Cooper, and weren't Roxy Music just Fab City?

So, which is your most treasured Bowie waxing? Or is it possible to say? See, a whole 1/4 page without an insult! "Ah's losin' mah touch" as the late, great Tallulah Bankhead once said. "Is all life sad?" as the late great Jayne Mansfield said. "Bye, bye, poncho!" I said that.

I'm glad you enjoyed me in Rebel Without A Cause.

Love & trash,

Natalie Wood

P.T.O

Scotstoun
Pub

October 22, 1980

Dear Sir Laurence,

So pleased that you enjoyed my last letter. Why don't you just admit that every word I write fascinates you? It would save so much time.

The nicest thing I can say about your letter is that it exists. I consider it my puristic duty as self-elected Chairman of our National League of Decency, to cultivate your mind at once. My only fear is that it may already be too late.....

It was a terrible blow to hear that you actually <u>worked</u>. I didn't think anyone did so anymore. It's so <u>old-fashioned</u> to work. I'd much rathel lounge about the house all day looking fascinating. I'd rather look fascinating than have a permanent income. Am I insane?

It wasn't very considerate of your parents to christen you "rabbit". Are they fond of little furry things? And as for your being an only child, well, don't you know that all such people eventually become bisexual psychopaths?

like Eno also, especially the 1st & 2nd albums and 'Backwater' off 'B&AS'. Also, Lou Reed. I love 'The Bells', it must be his best album ever. I have most of his stuff, and I've seen him 4 times.

Your interest in OMITD is surely the result of having nothing to do. I hate, loathe, detest, abhor, abominate, cannot stand or abide Miss Numan. To me, all electronic music is just a sad accident.

So, you had an "exciting letter from Janine in Nottingham"; did

you tell her that you had an exciting letter from Manchester? Of course you did!
You ask if I'm interested in Art. Well, there's Art and there's Art. Do you mean paintings, or creative writing? I am interested in films which are Art to me, and also, BOOKS, and some 'music'.....
It's interesting about your friend who shaved his legs. Are all your friends like this?
Incidentally, I saw you on TV last week - but why did you choose the name Julia Grant?....
It's nice of you to bring Cliff Richard up to my level, but he really doesn't deserve it.
And why do you say you're an only child when in your last letter you mention a "sister"?

What would you like to know about America, bucko? Don't tell me you've never been! Every schmuck has been to America (and incidentally, only the uneducated say "America", the hip lingo specialists say "the States", baby.)

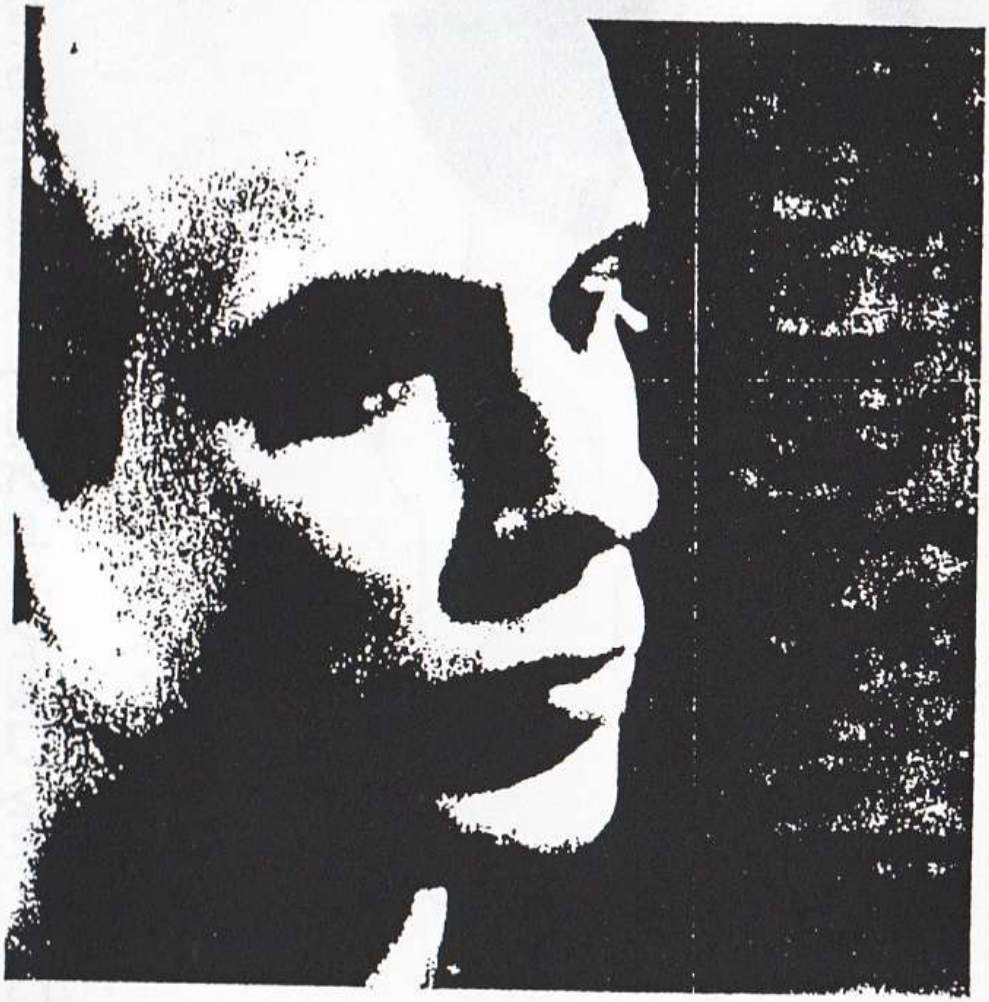
What are your favorite films? What's your fave color? Answers on a postcard please.

As for your medical jigsaw, I hope it turns out to be pornographic. Why don't you send me a nice photograph? Isn't that what we're supposed to do?

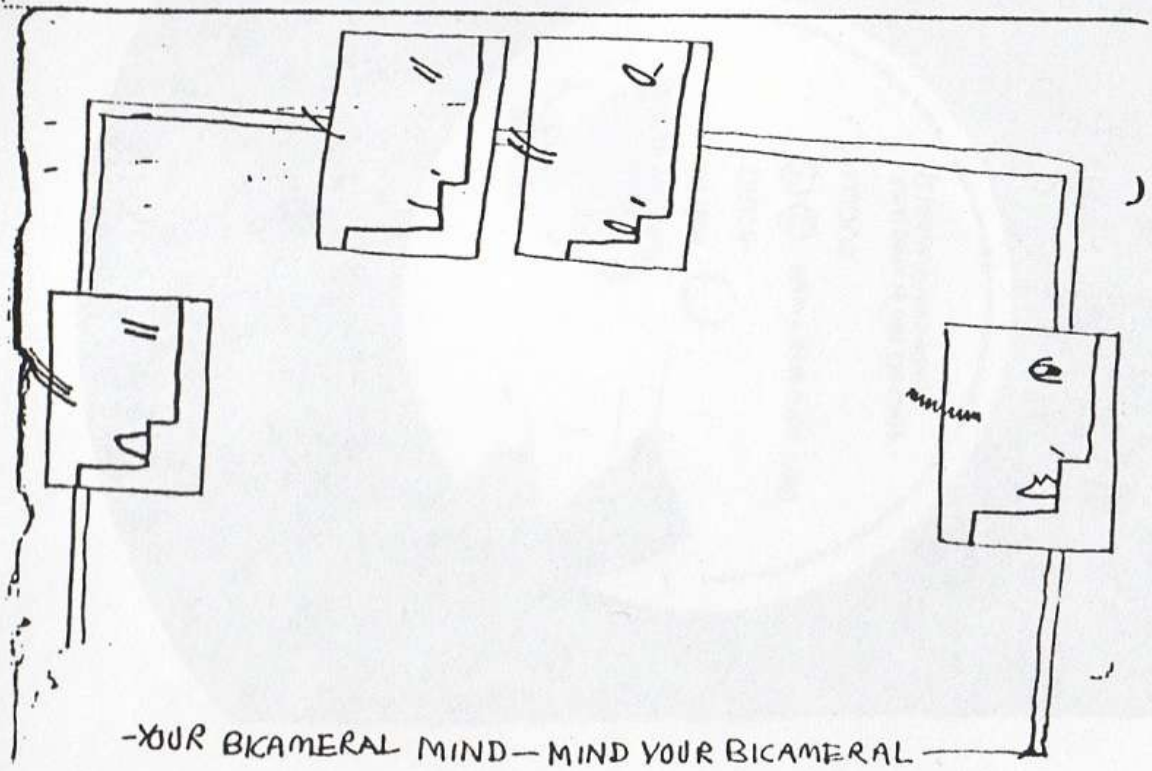
Write soon there's a good boy.

Aesthetically,
Oscar Wilde

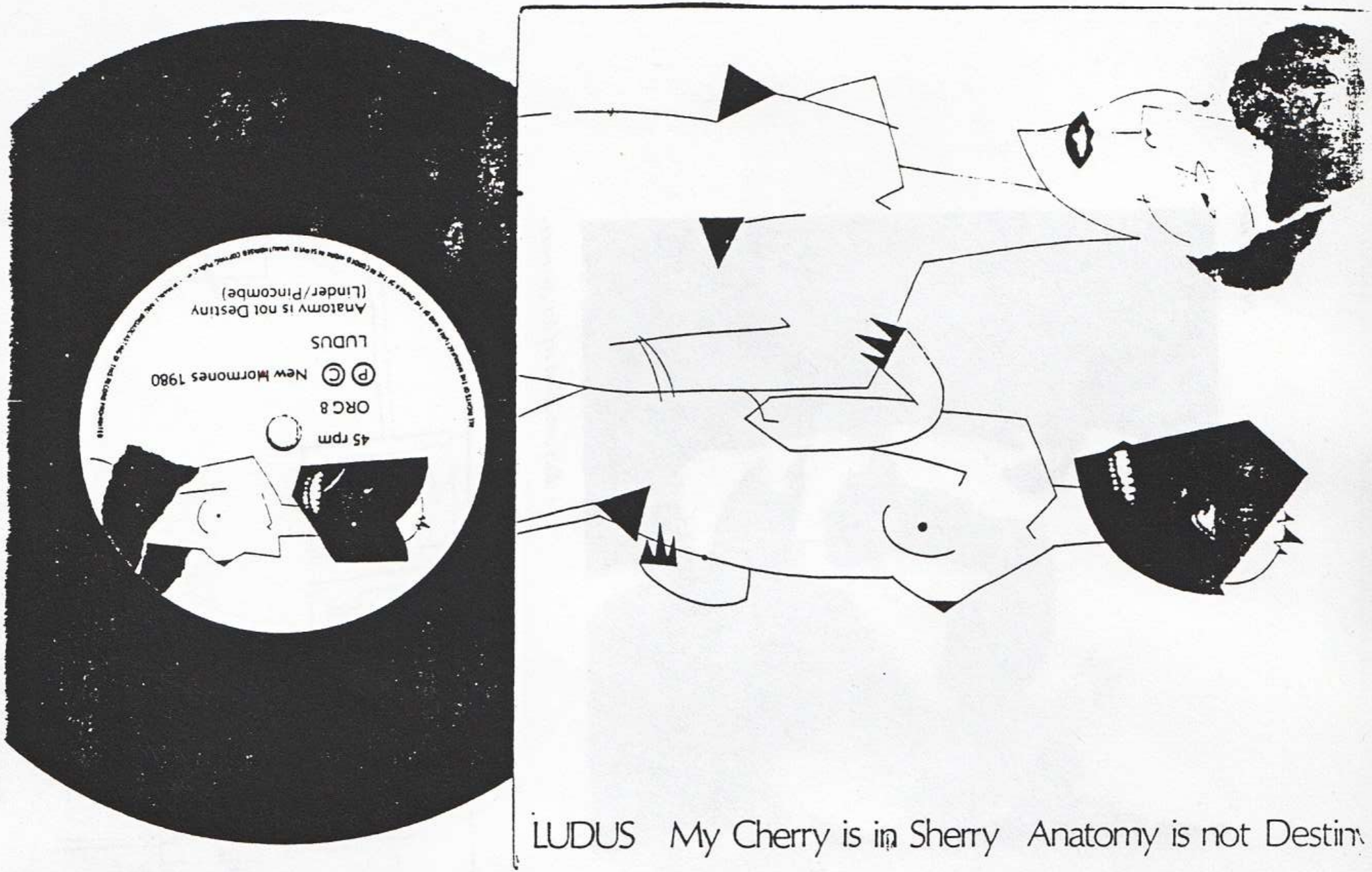
Brian Fine



Before and after Science



-YOUR BICAMERAL MIND— MIND YOUR BICAMERAL—



LUDUS My Cherry is in Sherry Anatomy is not Destiny

Dear Tugboat Annie,

Thank you for your letter which had nothing remotely to do with the English language as we know it. I shall light a candle for you this Sunday -- how else can you be saved?

This jigsaw business is really gripping I just can't wait to get it completed (yawn.)

Thank you for the photo. Has anyone ever told you that you look like Grace Jones? You sound like a real Fun Kid. The postcard was a scream - I fell asleep reading it. Is it too late to ignore your Sounds ad?

So, you don't think I'm insane? Coming from you this isn't too encouraging. I'm convinced that you're insane. I'm usually right about these things.

Today I bought "Love Zombies" by the Monochrome Set. It's a lovely record, but I feel I would enjoy it much

more if I had a long mac. Actually, I have three. Are YOU "bleak 'n industrial"?

I'm sorry you lost your sister. This sounds very careless. I wish I could lose mine.

What End music doth thou dig? I have always considered "Tiger Mountain" to be one of the best albums ever, and Warm Jets" is fab too. As for old Uncle Lou — "The Bells" must be his 'meisterwork'.

As for 'BICAMERAL' (everyone knows what this means, schmuck-face), why not observe the run-off of 'Boys Keep Swinging'? Heavens above!

Don't tell me you take acid! I might have known. You're so typically 1980. As for the "Irn-Bru", well, such things are beneath discussion. I suppose you like "Not the Nine 'O Clock News" too, and masturbate to pictures of Anna Ford So typical.

3 Since you so politely ask, in my spare time I waltz around sunny Manchester looking sultry, over-educated, and kinda deco (whatever that means.) I consider it my only real purpose in life to look as bored as humanly possible. I'm so old fashioned.

Here is what burning waxings that presently turn me on (babee..); TODAY I DIED AGAIN (Simple Minds) HOW I WROTE 'ELASTIC MAN (The Fall) THE END (Nico) FRANKENSTEIN (New York Dolls) SWEETHEART CONTRACT (magazine) FANTASTIC VOYAGE (David Bowie) 6060-842 (B-52's) MY CHERRY IS IN SHERRY (Ludus)

Do you go out much? Or do you watch television all week? You really don't tell me much about yourself. Are you a catholic, or what? The questions are getting desperatesville.

who <u>are</u> you anyway.

I know absolutely NOTHING about you. Maybe it's just as well. Are you a nice person? Are your parents rich? Do you smoke (I suppose you do)? Failure to answer these questions may result in prosecution.

I wish you'd send me a photo. I like to see who I'm criticising. Oh well, I'm off upstairs to play "Love Zombies"!

Your good friend of friends,

Ronald Reagan :)

December 4, 1981

Dear Robert

Thank you most sincerely (folks) for your letter, which was an education in itself. Like Shakespeare before you, you stir a place in my heart unstirred since well, I don't have to tell you EVERYTHING, do I?
Oh, and thank you for your photo. It came in handy until the plumber arrived. Did you know you had a dead caterpiller on your lip? Real deco, man. You could have smiled – but it's dreadfully unfashionable, isn't it?
Observe the enclosed piccy of your author, disguised as an artiste. This photograph is suitable for framing.
Incidentally, your real name IS Robert, isn't it? Everyone in Scotland is either Robert or Billy or Jimmie.
Have you got a real Scottish accent? How novel! Why don't you join a travelling circus?
I'm honoured that you liked my writing paper. As for your paper, well, it's very blue.
Are you really a protestant? How sad. You'll never know the joy of the church in that case? Wouldn't you just LOVE to kiss the Pope's feet?

2-

Spider And I? Piffle, me boy. There Goes Concorde? Sputter-butter Vienna? Hogwash. It's a good job you have me around to provide continual cultivation.

Your mentioning pernod brings me back to the Aladdin Sane tour (I discovered the drink then.) Thesedays it's strictly Cinzano, or vodka. But yes, I'm missing Mae terribly (Raquel? What an insult!) And to think she was only 88..... Such a waste.

No, I wouldn't wish to terminate our astral relationship. You are, I'll admit, a curious psychological study, and I'm sure you have a sense of humour ... somewhere.

Nope, we're not close to the Blast so don't worry your little brain. People have been panicking about the Bomb since the early 50's. Things haven't changed. But if it does drop, well, meet me on the desertshore (as the old song goeth.)

Have you ever travelled anywhere overseas? Have you ever been to Manchester? Have you ever been to, or would like to go to the boring old States? As it is, I'm going back there on Jan 15th. Yipee. Away from this

godforsaken place. I'll be going to New York first, and then on to Colorado where I'll be living. I'll give you my address there as I hope you'll continue to mesmerize me with your pushing intellect. I'll miss Coronation Street and I'll miss Top of the Pops (yes, I watch it damnit), but I won't miss Spandau Ballet.

Will you send me some pornography? Do you HAVE a girlfriend? Do you LIKE girls? I have a girlfriend called Annalisa. We're both bisexual. Real hip, huh? I hate sex.

What exactly do you DO with your life, anyway? You don't tell me ANYTHING.

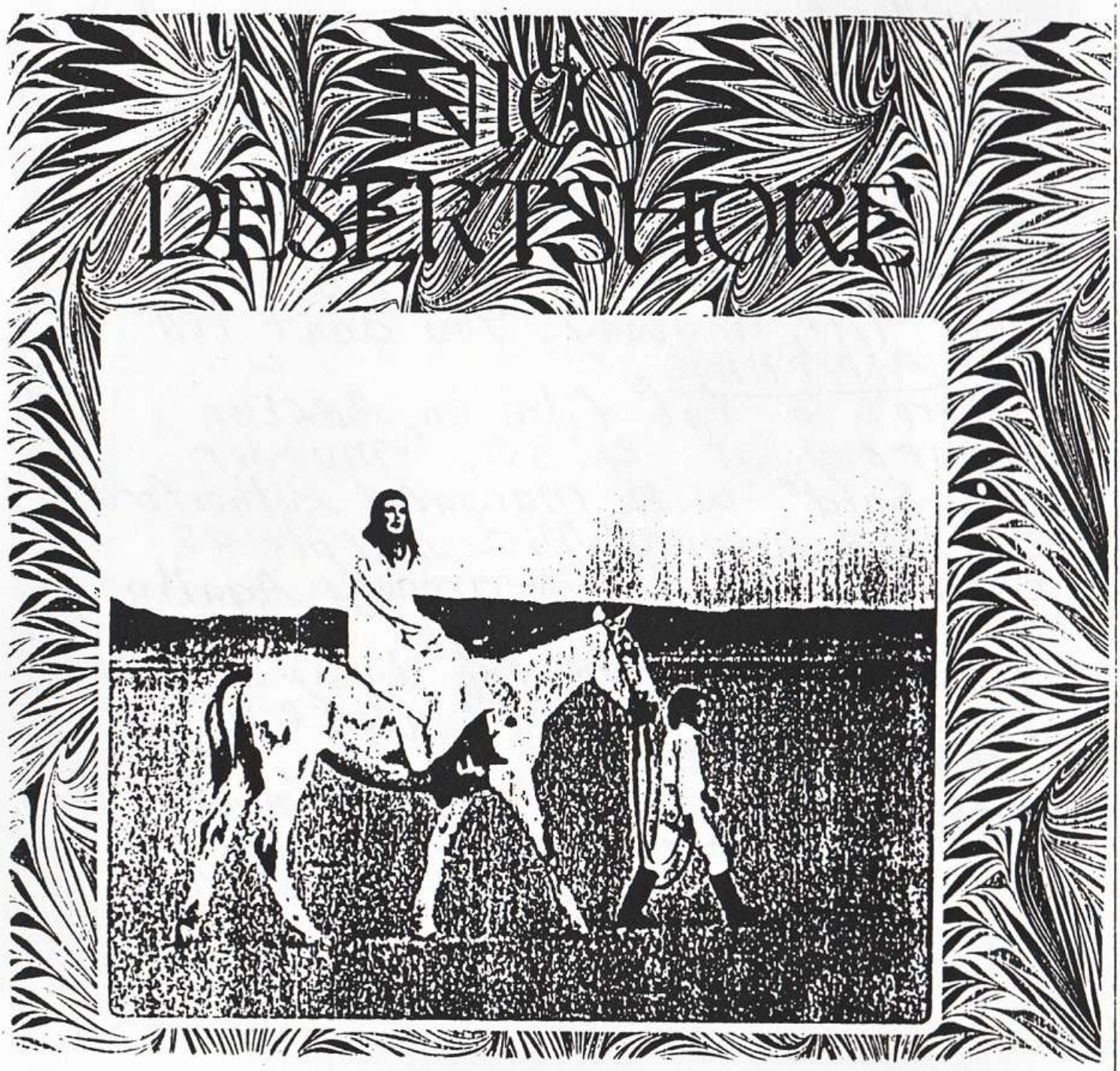
There's a fab film on BBC1 on Saturday at 4:30, "Murder She Said" with Margaret Rutherford as the groovey Miss Marple as created by the un-groovey Agatha Christie. Watch it, you cretin. Or perhaps you'll be too busy at The Virgin Mega-store? Wake up at the back there...

Have you filled in your NME poll sheet yet? Ha ha (yawn.) Are there any local groups up there worth writing home to Mother about?

4

Well, I really must watch Louden Wainwright in concert on mah tee-vee. Write to me soon and try to smile :)

Avenge,
Steven



10 December

Dear Rab,

I thought I'd scribble out a few old words while I'm waiting for the oven to heat up. Thank you, sir, for the Marlene card — I didn't think you capable of anything quite so tasteful. You just never begin to amaze me! But no, it really isn't my burfday on December 25th — you're getting me confused with J.C, and it's good of you to bring him up to my level, but does he deserve it? Answer briefly.
Your pale lilac is acceptable. You see, you've only been writing to me for a few weeks and already you're progressing. I'm the only one that can save you now.
Oh yes, my lifestyle is very interesting — beyond the possibility of description even. As Lord Howard once whinged; "sometimes I stand, and sometimes I sit". These are the quotes, folks. It's all these wild scenes in Manchester, you know.
I'm going out to the States to redeem the social outcasts. My only real ambition is to cultivate Texas. I love Texas. You must watch "The Last Picture Show",

on BBC-2 on Sunday. Do you have BBC-2 up thar? That film! It was my first real sexual relationship. To me, seeing and loving a great film is like having a sexual relationship. Real Gothic, man (as the Greeks would say.)
Oh my! Yes, the poor Velvets! I spent my entire 12th year locked in my bedroom with "All tomorrow's Parties". I was such an incendiary child. Nico's voice paralyses the imagination. I'll be your mirror, reflect what you are, in case you don't know. Ah yes, I remember it vell. As for the court of the Crimson King, well, I never did like Genesis. Lou Reed Live? Such a novelty! Poor Lou was never "live". Always insufficient wit, and how did 'Walk on the Wild Side' get passed the BBC censors? TOTP even! Ah, yes, I remember it vell. You, of course, are far too young.
Pernod after the breast? Very philisophic.
No, no, no, you wouldn't want to go to Moscow. It's far too draughty. Big countries are. And you would be completely lost in Germany. Think of all that intellectual

pressure. I'd rather imagine you in, say, Majorca or Benidorm. And wouldn't the Australian bush be better than Glasgow? America is very like England – except, of course, for the language.
Yes, I know Orange Juice (I do read my NME, y'know.) Such lovable hair-do's. Yesterday I saw Gen X – very nostalgic. About 3 people turned up. The group were apalling and I'll know better next time. On Tuesday I saw The Motels. Why? Don't ask silly questions. This has been a bad week.
Bowie on K-Tel! Are ye ready for THAT? Of all revolting labels on God's dear earth.
Yes, I love Jazz (i.e. Ludus.)
I wish you wouldn't mention Miss Numan. Or, should I say "Miss Thing". I dislike him more than I can tell you. People with receding hairlines never know much about anything. And such ugly shoe-taste too. You ought to be ashamed! Why don't you repent by rushing down to your mega-store and buying Nico's "The End", or "Chelsea Girl" – or even "Desertshore"? If you leave now you'll just be in time for the next bus.
Oh yes, celibacy is real hip (sister), but, "no man is an island" so the

Saying goeth. And haven't you HEARD about "sexual repression"? You'll probably end up strangling your mother or becoming some deranged bisexual psychopatic child-murderer. So sad about John. I almost cried. I have none of his records and I don't care about the Beatles, but when people who devote a part of their lives to 'peace' ~~and~~ are shot 5 times for it, well, THAT disturbs me. It's always the wrong people. Nobody would assasinate our dear prime minister. Is all life sad?

What are you going to do with your life?

I always like to end my letters on a serious note.

Be young, be foolish, be happy,

Stephen

P.S I repeat. Is your name ROBERT? Spill the beans, and don't keep me in suspenders.

P.P.S There isn't one.

March 13, 1991

Dear Robot (very strange),

Oh well, home is where the art is. I flew in from Philadelphia yesterday (but of course, dear!). Your glorious majestic letter arrived minutes before I left the unglorious unmajestic Mid-West for fab "Philly" (as we young moderns call it.) I'm going to New Jersey for the summer, but until, I'm nesting here in mah old little house living on fresh air and grass. Why don't you come and visit me? Why don't I come and visit you? I'd love ta see Glasgae, dead cultural. Or at least you should come down here for a day and I could give you a tour of our colonial city, and after I've woken you up we could eat at my fave place, the Great American Disaster. Think about it. It can't be that expensive, and you're probably rolling in it anyway.

So, what have you been doing, how long have you been doing it, and do you wash your hands when you've finished?

Wake up, there's more!

Yes, ah'm an artiste! How did you guess? I've just had a book published on the New York Dolls, I'd love to send you a copy, but I only have two myself. Watch out for my James Dean book. Such a torrid, crazy, insane life I lead! I am presently forming a group, in fact have done so. We are called Angels Are Genderless and are rehearsing as soon as my jet-lag subsides. So, what's exciting in YOUR life, young feller-me-lad?

I heard that the 'Scary Monsters' 45 got to No. 12, but you say it made No. 20. Somevon iz lying!! Ve haff vays to find ze truth! It's a terrible bore that "Up the Hill" is the next single.

I'm glad you bought & like 'Desert Shore'. Such a refined record too, esp 'All That Is My Own'.

Since you ask, the U-S music scene is a fright. Even in New York they play all that you'd expect to hear - the Stones, the Beatles and Springsteen. Daring "new wave" DJ's will risk lynching and play the Pretenders. I heard "Cars" by Sheila Numan and

it sounded glorious to me (yes, things were THAT bad.) So strange to come back to grey England and see 13 year old boys with yellow hair. What could it all mean? And who are Duran Duran anyway? Adam Ant bores the shit out of me.

Davey-boy isn't as recognised as he ought to be over yonder. Most people are still outraged at the mention of his name. I haven't seen the Elephan Man yet, and won't rest until I do. The play, of course, was out of the question.

Pernod? Smashing windows? You wan't taking in hand. What does your mother say about all this? You young ruffians! But yes, I too sing along to David's records — Cygnet Committee Unwashed & Slightly Dazed got me through February.

I received letters from brawny Bryan because I tugged at his sleeve and begged him to write. He did so. What a jerk! Those were the days. I haven't heard "Jealous Guy" yet, but Roxy Music don't surprise me

anymore. They're still looking for something that they've always wanted but was never their's.

Oh well, back to "Secondhand Daylight". Isn't Howard a riot? To think we used to drink together — more name-dropping, I'm such a bore. He once told me how he'd love to sleep with skinny Iggy Flop. Such ambition! And I'm sure it's been fulfilled by now.

And tell me 'O wise Thing, is there anyone sleeping in <u>YOUR</u> bed? You can tell me <u>EVERYTHING</u>!

Your friend,

Steven

<u>Remember!!</u>

384 - Kings Road
Stretford
Manchester M32-8GW
(061-881-7125)

← No, I don't expect a phone-call, but then I don't expect <u>ANYTHING</u>.

ADDICT
ORGASM
COLLAGE - LINDER
BUZZCOCKS

Top 'o de mornen,

I'm so glad that you called me, but I feel I would have enjoyed our conversation so much more if I actually knew what you were saying. Why can't you speak proper, like what we do?

And now that I know what the "R" stands for, I must know what the "H" in your name stands for. Reveal all, or I shall tell everyone its Horace.

Why do you have such an odd address, i.e 22-60, do you live in a shop? Or a barn? I must know <u>everything</u>.

I'm sorry to hear that your friend is going to Australia. He doesn't sound very intelligent. Nobody with any sense goes there. Never mind, you won't be lonely, after all, you have my letters....

What 60's records do you listen to? I'm presently ga-ga over "To Sir, with Love" by, gulp, Lulu. Do I need therapy? I wasn't aware that Midge posed as Bryan, but let's not bitch, it could be

worse. I'd rather people imitate Bryan and David than say Jagger or Presley. and incidentally, do you still have that dead caterpillar on your top lip?

I hope you enjoyed the Man Who Fell To Earth, and if you did, then you're the first one who has.

Whenever you decide to "drop in", I'll be pleased to see you. I might even talk to you..... Manchester is hardly Las Vegas, but I'm sure there will be something to amuse you (and I'm thinking specifically of my shoe collection.) There are lots of thoroughly modern millies around here who look like extras from 'Satyricon', so if you don't find me very funny then you can laugh at someone else.

If you come at Easter, please bring me an egg (a chocolate one, not boiled) If you don't bring me an egg I shall probably be violent, or cry for the extent of your visit. Do you find me childish at all?

I'm going to London in about a month for a weekend with my friend Jimmy. He has a huge flat and we often sit on the balcony looking for UFO's. We're such a wild pair (yawn)... One so modern as you would find all this boring but most people find us both tres amusing. You're not interested in this, are you?

I'm sure there are worse groups than Duran Duran, but I'll be damned if I can think of any. The Polecats have just been on duh box destroying "John, I'm Only Miming" now if they REALLY had any imagination, they'd shoot themselves.

How doth thou feel about Simple Minds? I love their "Empires & Dance", but that's me all over, ready to LAHHVV. And have you even HEARD the Monochrome Set? How can anyone go through life without the dear, cuddly Monochrome Set? Why don't you go out now and buy a Ludus record? So unimaginative!

I'm glad your body is still untouched by

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I'm glad your body is still untouched by

10-December

Dear Robert,

Overjoyed with your letter. Glad we're back to normal (although I'm not too sure in my case....)

Isn't this snow a horror chamber? I hate snow, and snow hates me. I've spent the last hour shovelling the path. And I thought I'd be in Hollywood by now...

Virgin? And no lust of any kind? Why can't you give love one more chance?

Yes, I remain depressed (didn't you ever notice I

was a manic-depressive?), but No, I'm not pretty. "I am angry, I am ill, and I'm as ugly as sin", so the old song goes.

You missed the Dolls! I'll be on the next train tae Glasgae to disembowel you. Well, did you see "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane", "Autumn Leaves", "Tiger Bay" or "Passport to Pimlico"?

Bought any books lately, or are you still wrestling with Shakespeare? I buy at least 30 books per week.

"East of Eden" is a

wonderful film. My ambition is to track down Richard Davalos (who played Aron, the angelic brother) and interview him.

Bauhaus? Most discombobulating. Stranglers? Absolute flimflam. And wasn't "Under Pressure" a Spectacular disaster? He's signing with Virgin for at least 5 million. Meaty!

I experienced Nico too. She's living nearby and can often be seen whirling about glamerous Manchester in a black cape humming "Le Petite Chevalier."

Me: I'm listening to Noel Coward, George Formby, Sandie Shaw and Cilla Black. See, I never change.

You've lost my phone number? Surely not? Didn't you have it tattoed on your forehead? Well, for those who care:

061. 881. 7125.

Are you still slaving away? Are you Happy? All these complicating questions.

Life is a terrible, terrible thing, Robert.

Going Down Slow,

Steven. ☹

P.S. Any New Pix of Yourself?

POST CARD

You've come a long way from the
Ivory Snow,
I'm not a social worker - will you
give it a go?
Louis, Louis, you've really got
it sussed,
Tell her it's Art and keep the
money in trust
Ici, Les enfants du paradis.

CAMDEN GRAPHICS

PC 198 Clark Gable
George Hurrell 1932
© Kobal Collection Ltd

Camden Graphics Ltd
London N1 Printed in England

Well that`s all folk`s, hope you enjoyed reading Stevens letters, I will not attempt to add anything else other than

BYE !!!

Robert

P.S. Did you notice the creator of the Buzzcocks sleeve.

N.B. The Manchester address is no longer Stevens home and castle so please do not waste pen and paper writing and Ditto for the phone number.

R. MACKIE
5 KENNYHILL SQUARE
DENNISTOUN
GLASGOW
G31 3LL